

## [Reading Material](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Our Flag Means Death (TV)

**Genre:** Humor, Implied Sexual Content, Izzy keeps a gay little journal that's it that's the fic, M/M, Missing Scene, mentioned Stede/Edward, mentioned one-sided Izzy/Edward, mentioned past Jack/Edward

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Black Pete (Our Flag Means Death), Fang (Our Flag Means Death), Israel Hands, Lucius Spriggs

**Relationships:** Black Pete/Lucius Spriggs

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2022-04-25

**Updated:** 2022-04-25

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:47:12

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,705

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Izzy has taken great pains to hide the little black pocket notebook he keeps from the only member of the Revenge's crew he sees as a threat: Stede Bonnet.

This means he has heinously underestimated Lucius (and how nosy Lucius can be) and *yes*, of *course* Lucius has just stolen this man's journal and is going to read it all aloud to Black Pete.

Or: Izzy has a horny little journal where he keeps his horny little notes about Blackbeard, and Lucius puts himself through the absolute torture of reading Izzy's innermost thoughts.

## Reading Material

### Author's Note:

I gotta be honest, I don't actually know if Izzy can read, either. We're gonna say he can for the sake of: it's fucking hilarious to imagine him keeping a diary of all his gay thoughts about Blackbeard stepping on him.

There was a time in Lucius' life when he would have been deathly afraid of Izzy Hands.

Lucius knew his type: scary, macho, trying to cover up his own insecurities by shouting at everyone. He'd met plenty in the past. And it used to just be Lucius against them, and sometimes they came with buddies, and the whole lot of them decided to take whatever crisis of manhood they were having out on him. He would avoid them at all costs—infrequently going to taverns and never sticking around late enough for anybody to get angry-drunk.

Now, though? Now, Lucius was the one with friends.

Pirates, as it turned out, liked Lucius, because he was agreeable and friendly but sharp-tongued when he needed to be, and, most importantly, he had impressive artistic skills that included nude portraits. You'd be surprised how many friends you make just by offering to sketch them naked.

So now, it wasn't just Izzy versus Lucius, it was Izzy versus Lucius and most of the crew of the revenge (except Jim, who never wanted to model for him for understandable reasons, and Buttons, who said the beauty of his form could never be captured by mortal hands). On one memorable occasion, he'd also drawn Fang, who, despite being Izzy's subordinate, could probably ground him Izzy into a fine paste if he wanted to.

A swearing, spitting, tiny angry man was just not that intimidating when you had a half-dozen fearsome pirates willing to defend you.

This meant Lucius had absolutely no qualms about plotting to swipe the pocket-sized notebook Izzy kept with him and scribbled in whenever he had a free moment. Blackbeard was privy to his secret notes, looking at them over Izzy's shoulder and giving an affirmative nod, sometimes, but it took Lucius about three days to realize that Blackbeard had never really got the chance to learn to read, and was more nodding over the fact that Izzy was taking notes than the contents of said notes.

Izzy took *great* precautions to hide them from Stede, probably having picked Stede out as the only literate one of the whole crew. If he paid any attention, he'd know Lucius was just as literate—and was *recording the whole fucking trip*— but Izzy treated Lucius like he was just entirely worthless. Izzy didn't bother hiding anything from people he thought were worthless, and, consequently, Lucius' nosy ass knew Izzy had a secret little book full of secret little notes.

It could've been anything, from scathing reviews of the Revenge's crew, to whatever sick little fantasies Izzy's brain cooked up about killing the lot of them and stealing the ship, to just '*Captain Izzy Hands*' written over and over again with little hearts around.

Lucius thought it wasn't that last one. He didn't seem to be writing the same thing over and over, nor drawing little hearts.

Pete's opinion went as such: "I bet he records every one of Blackbeard's epic plans. Do you know the kind of thing we could learn from that?"

That would be boring, but it did seem to be an Izzy sort of move. The man never stopped working, and sneered at anybody who slacked off because he thought that being constantly worked to the bone by Blackbeard was superior to just taking a fucking break sometime.

They *could* learn a lot from it if it was Blackbeard's plans, though.

Lucius knew he'd have to be smart about this. This was more complicated than pickpocketing Spanish Jackie and then immediately hopping back on the Revenge. Lucius had to sneak the diary *back* to Izzy before he noticed it was gone.

That meant it had to be a nighttime operation.

Lucius enlisted the help of the crew, who were all just as interested in the inner workings of Izzy Hands, mostly to answer the question, '*seriously, how is he that fucked up?*'

Lucius waited in Jim and Oluwande's room (the Dynamic Duo were on night watch today), sitting near the door, in listening range of anybody who walked past. He sat up a little straighter when he heard an enormous racket start up from the galley, cheering and hollering. This was the plan: a late night disturbance to force Izzy out of bed, so that he could go engage in his favorite pastime of shouting at the crew until his voice went even raspier than usual. Somebody really ought to tell him how bad that was for your vocal cords.

Or not. Let him just scream himself into eternal hoarseness. After all, that seemed to be the direction he was moving, best just let him keep going

Lucius could hear Frenchie leading the crew in a rousing chorus of a song most of them didn't know the words to, which meant it sounded like a lot of shouting. His only hope was that they woke Izzy before they woke Captain—or that Blackbeard was distracting Captain well enough that he wouldn't come see what the ruckus was.

Or that Captain would just join in. He always was one for a sing-along, Captain Bonnet.

As predicted, it took to a count of about sixty for a door to slam open, and footsteps far too thunderous for such a small man to echo through the hall as Izzy made his stomping, angry way down to the galley, shouting, "*WHAT? IS? THIS? NONSENSE?*"

Wow, a whole sentence without a 'fuck' in it.

*"SHUT THE FUCK UP!"*

Spoke too quick.

Lucius slipped out of Jim and Olu's room and down the hall, easing into the room that Izzy shared with Fang and Ivan (who were a part of the Disturbance by verdict of being easy to convince to act rowdy and loud). Izzy hadn't thrown on his jacket before rushing out to scold the crew, so Lucius just had to slip his hand into Izzy's pocket and pull out the little black book. He tucked it into the lining of his own jacket before going back across the hall from whence he'd come, taking a seat once more and pretending like he'd never gotten up.

He could still hear Izzy shouting. Nice. He was gonna wear his voice out before the pre-planned Morning Disturbance (so Lucius could put the book back). Lucius enjoyed picturing him squeaking with impotent rage.

He'd barely gotten the book open when he heard Izzy stomping back down the hall, and the door slamming with truly excessive force.

Moments later, Pete came dashing into the room, flopping down beside Lucius. "So? Did you get it?"

"Is that doubt I hear?" Lucius wagged the book in front of Pete's nose, reveling in the look of delight on Pete's face. "Of course I got it, love. I'm a professional."

"I knew you could," Pete said, because the only person Pete had more confidence in than himself was Lucius. "Okay, what's it say?"

"Give me a moment." Lucius flipped open the notebook to the beginning, which was dated several years ago and described a ship he had raided with Blackbeard, *blah blah*, blood and gore, maimings, cutting off limbs. Lucius started to think this really was just a series of notes on Izzy's work.

But then it started to get... oddly descriptive.

*After the bloodshed was over and the last of the crew were dead or bound and gagged, I made the mistake of interrupting the usual silence by telling him that this had been far too risky.*

*He backed me against a wall with a knife to my throat, using every inch of his imposing stature to make me shrink under his assault. 'There is no such thing as too risky. Nothing's a risk anymore.' His voice was set to that low, animalistic growl that makes everyone on the seas quake in fear of the Dread Blackbeard.*

"Oh my fuck."

"What? What is it?" Pete asked, eagerly crowding closer, trying to look at the page, even though he'd never taken Lucius up on his offer to teach him his letters and so the writing meant no more to him than it would to Blackbeard.

"This man wants to fuck Blackbeard so bad, it just makes him look *stupid*." Lucius flipped the page with an incredulous shake of his head. "Listen to this, babe: 'as his hand clasped 'round my throat with increasing pressure, there was a spark in his eye, a spirit I thought had gone out long ago. If my suffering was what it took to bring Blackbeard out of Edward, I would graciously submit to whatever strife he arranged for me'."

"Kinky," Pete concurred.

"Right?"

Izzy described Blackbeard choking him out for a full page, and the man's handwriting was just as tiny and cramped as you might expect from somebody wound so tight, so that meant he'd written a *lot* of choking content. No wonder he made absolutely sure Stede never caught him writing this shit.

Lucius skimmed through more of the journal, both less inclined to read on and increasingly intrigued. It was like looking at a ship that was afire and sinking—a horrific, tragic wreck of a thing, but you couldn't tear your eyes away. It wasn't just the thinly veiled horny moments Izzy described—he also talked about how he was worried Blackbeard was slipping away, how he wondered how long it'd be before Blackbeard finally lost it and got all their asses killed.

Longer than Blackbeard was aboard the Revenge, Lucius hoped.

"I mean, I knew he was a creepy little fuck, but I didn't expect that," Pete said.

"He *did* say 'daddy, ooh, daddy' with far too much conviction," Lucius agreed, doing his best impression of Izzy's quavering voice. Thankfully he was not accurate enough to make his skin crawl again like it had when first he'd heard Izzy say such disturbing things. Well, not disturbing in and of themselves, just disturbing coming from Izzy.

"Is there stuff about us in there? Or like, stuff about anything except for Blackbeard?"

"Hmm. Not yet. Here's Izzy describing Blackbeard breaking his nose."

"Blackbeard has a surprisingly nice nose if he's broken it."

Lucius shook his head. "No, Blackbeard broke Izzy's nose, and he's written lovingly about the taste of his own blood and the imprint of Blackbeard's rings on his face."

Pete scoffed. "What. A. Pervert. I called it."

"Yeah, babe, you totally did," Lucius said, even though Pete had not called it. He meant he'd thought it. They all had, probably. Izzy had the energy of somebody who would tell you to stop fucking in the storeroom, but then years later he'd be found dead by autoerotic asphyxiation.

The choking details really backed that up.

"Alright, Blackbeard kicking Izzy's ass in a fight and stepping on his ribs so hard he thought he'd pop one... Blackbeard smashing a bottle right next to Izzy's head... I'm confused, does he want Blackbeard to kill him or fuck him?"

"I doubt Blackbeard would do either," Pete said. "He's a pro. He's not the kinda guy to get mixed up with his subordinates."

"And he's been mooning after Stede for weeks."

Pete did not say 'called it' to that one, but he did have a look on his face like he was considering it, so he'd soon come to the conclusion that Lucius was correct.

*He asked me to call him 'Edward' today. This is reserved for when we are alone, not in front of the crew, at my own insistence. Best not allow them to become complacent with their boss, or pick up the habit of calling him anything other than 'Blackbeard' or 'Captain'.*

*He smiled when I called him 'Edward', and asked if I wanted to share whatever he'd packed into his pipe tonight. Informed him I had duties to attend to.*

"Okay, I think we're leaning solidly into 'wants Blackbeard to fuck him' territory," Lucius said. "You know, it'd be much easier if he wrote the date on these things, so we could know when it happened."

"I'm assuming it has to be before us. I mean, if it was after, we'd definitely be mentioned," Pete said.

Probably not mentioned in any positive light, but he was correct on that.

Izzy detailed a new person, finally, after pages and pages of Blackbeard. His name was Calico Jack ("Like a calico cat? That doesn't seem very tough," Pete remarked) and Izzy *fucking hated him*.

By the end of Izzy's description, Lucius hated Jack a little bit, too. Apparently he was loud, vulgar, drank constantly to the point of passing out on deck before it was even past breakfast, and he dragged Blackbeard into all of it, including some shenanigans with a *fucking bull whip* which Lucius cringed about just reading it.

"Americans," Lucius scoffed, after relaying the details to Pete.

"Hey, *I'm* American," Pete replied, which prompted a conversation in which Lucius explained that yes, Pete was American, but Pete wasn't *American*



American—or, to be more descriptive, Pete wouldn't got at anybody's balls with a bull-whip, nor would he wear what was described as, '*an egregious amount of fringe*'. Lucius couldn't believe he found himself agreeing with Izzy on somebody.

But hey, his opinions were just fully based on his fundamental pettiness and immediate dislike of anybody who felt so distinctly and toxically *masculine*. What the hell Izzy, who was equally horrid about his masculinity in a different direction, had to blame Jack for, Lucius couldn't quite tell. Maybe it was just because Jack seemed to know how to have fun (too much fun, granted, but Izzy had no idea what the meaning of the word 'fun' was, or else considered having his ribs bruised by Blackbeard's boots to be fun).

"Oh. Nope, there it is," he said, turning the page. "'Last night, I was subjected to all manner of awful noises, as the rat bastard took it upon himself to let Blackbeard plow him on the deck'. Wow, apparently even Blackbeard is not immune to a toxic ex-boyfriend."

"I kind of wanna meet this guy now, right?" Pete said, elbowing Lucius in the side suggestively.

"He still sounds terrible."

"Yeah, but he's been fucked by *Blackbeard*, bet he's got some stories to tell."

"Apparently he's also *fucked* Blackbeard, Izzy said the reverse was even worse to listen to." Lucius mostly skimmed that bit.

"How big do you think it is?"

"Blackbeard?"

"Duh, I don't give a shit about that other guy."

"I mean, I have an approximate estimate—those leather trousers are *tight*," Lucius said, holding his fingers a slightly-above-average distance apart.

"No, I think it's more like—" Pete reached out and tugged Lucius' fingers apart a little wider. "I mean, if the *legends* are true."

"Nobody's that big. I mean, it could *potentially* be like this big, if he's a grower."

"Just because you haven't *seen* it doesn't mean it doesn't exist. Like the kraken, we've never seen it but we know it's out there," said Pete, who was, in Lucius' opinion, a little too prone to believing preposterous rumors on this exact basis.

"Okay, I am going to put that argument in the box—" the box, being the imaginary place all arguments went to die in favor of more constructive conversation.

"Fine," Pete agreed.

Lucius started skimming through faster (there was only so much about Blackbeard's cool and dangerous personality one could hear, and he got enough of that from Pete), and it took him several pages to finally, *finally* come upon something about a more interesting subject: himself.

Well, his crew. Captain Bonnet, mostly, because there was nothing Izzy seemed to like more than ranting about his hatred for Stede Bonnet.

*Edward has, for some inane reason, attached himself to this imbecilic excuse for a pirate, risking his hide and ours against the Spanish all to sit by Stede Bonnet's bedside like some kind of overgrown nursemaid. He's fascinated with the man like a child with a new shiny toy, and it's grievously exhausting waiting on him to lose interest. I can only hope that soon he gives up on Bonnet—but, unfortunately, Bonnet is just as insane as Edward, and therefore only manages to encourage his delusions.*

*Despite his insistence that the plan will happen as promised, I become ever-more doubtful that Edward will ever turn his back on Bonnet.*

"This stuff about Stede is... kind of sweet, actually. I mean, when you look past the 'bitter little shit who only wants Blackbeard for himself' filter," Lucius said.

"Yeah, well, of course we know Blackbeard is sweet on the captain," Pete said, despite having learned about this literally five minutes ago. Lucius was just glad Pete was taking his word for it.

*I've never seen Edward look at a man the way he looks at Bonnet, so goggle-eyed and stupid. It's dangerous. He's going to get himself killed for that ponce's sake, unless I keep him from it. With God as my witness I will carry out my duty and ensure his safety even as Bonnet tries to drag him down.*

*On another, even more unfortunate note, I have once again been an unwilling witness to Edward's proclivities. At the very least, Bonnet doesn't attempt the sort of sorry excuse for dirty talk that Jack employs, and I managed to avoid glimpsing a visual, but he squeals like a fucking dolphin and it's a terror on my very soul.*

Lucius sniggered uncontrollably, taking a long moment to enjoy what he'd just read before finally responding to Pete, who was prodding him on what made him laugh.

"Okay," Lucius said, catching his breath. "Whew, okay, okay. You remember that night we were on a date in the crow's nest and Blackbeard and Captain were fencing down below us?"

"Yeah, when I told you about all the stars?" He had, indeed, shared several wild and probably fictitious stories about the constellations.

"Yes, exactly. And then somehow Captain managed to accidentally *stab* Blackbeard?"

They'd both scrambled to peer over the edge when they heard, down below, "*I just stabbed you, you nut!*"

Following that had been a lot of whispering, and then what was very clearly Stede trying to pull the sword out of Blackbeard, which came with a lot of groaning which, when Lucius thought of it from an auditory-only standpoint, probably sounded *deeply* sexual.

"And Captain was groaning and whining about it?"

"Probably freaking out about getting blood on his shirt," Pete scoffed.

"Yeah. Izzy heard that and thought they were fucking."

"You know, I hate to agree with Izzy, but I always kind of thought it sounded a little bit fuck-y—"

"Wait, what's that?"

The cane screening on the door cast shadows as somebody walked past again, despite the fact that the commotion in the galley had calmed to the usual trickle of conversation and scattered laughter.

"Was that Izzy?" Pete asked. It certainly had been a short shadow, but that might have just been Jim. Except that Jim was on lookout/not running the boat aground again duty.

"*Where is my notebook, you fuckin' arseholes!?*"

"That was, indeed, Izzy," Lucius said, although he didn't need to. He couldn't believe the paranoid little bastard checked that his notebook was there before going to bed, after being out of his room for a full two minutes. *Goddammit*, Lucius didn't even get to the end. No matter. And no time for being upset about it, either. Lucius shot to his feet. "I've gotta put this back in his room before he—"

The door opened with particular force, revealing the object of their plot, standing furious on the other side.

"YOU."

"So, clearly, you've noticed I am holding your notebook."

*"Give it back or you're dead!"*

"Alright, alright, there's no need to shout," Lucius said, shoving it back in his direction. "I was only curious. Barely got past the first page, it was so boring." Only a little bit of a lie. He'd more than 'barely' gotten past the first page. What Izzy didn't know wouldn't make him give himself an aneurysm.

"If you so much as *opened* it, I'm going to have you on barnacle duty for *weeks*," Izzy said, his voice quavering with the threat.

"Uh, actually, that's in direct violation of Captain's chore chart," Pete said, referring to a pin-board with a complicated series of doodles of all of their faces which were assigned to symbols that referred to specific duties to be done around the ship. Lucius was on mopping duty this week.

*"Fuck his stupid charts, and fuck you!"* Izzy snatched the book from Lucius' grip and slipped the knife out of his belt (he *slept* with one?) aiming it straight under Lucius' throat.

Lucius started to sweat for about five seconds, before an enormous shadow appeared behind Izzy, setting a hand on his shoulder. It was Fang, looking like a very handsome angel dressed all in black leather, coming to save Lucius from Satan incarnate, a.k.a. First Mate Hands.

"Hey, boss, maybe let's just get some sleep, yeah?" Fang suggested. "I'm sure Lucius didn't mean anything by it, and you know we're to be keeping things peaceable with the Revenge crew." He gave Lucius a wink over Izzy's shoulder.

"Am I," Izzy asked, shoving his dagger back in its sheath with all the violent force with which he'd wanted to put it through Lucius' throat, "the *only* person on here with my head screwed on straight?"

"If it's any consolation, Jizzy, I think Buttons says Karl is straight," Lucius said, grinning as he watched Izzy's face go redder and redder.

Izzy turned and walked back down the hall, still muttering, *"fuck you!"* over and over, because he was really uncreative when he was pissed off.

"Did you get what you wanted, love?" Fang asked Lucius, as they made their way back down the corridor so that Lucius could announce his triumphant victory and relieve himself of several secrets which he obviously would not be keeping.

"And more," Lucius said.

"Yeah, turns out," Pete said, slipping his hand into Lucius', "that guy has a *huge* crush on Blackbeard."

"Oh, yeah," Fang said. "I could've told you that."

"I'm sure you could," Lucius said. "But some things, you've just got to read for yourself."

**Author's Note:**

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or my nsfw twitter [@luddlessmut](#) or on my tumblr [@luddlestons](#)